

## Broken Part 2

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Summary: The plot begins, there might be a long arc starting i am not sure yet.

## Broken Part 2

Disclaimer: I obviously did not create these characters. I obviously write this stuff myself, only a single twisted mind could deliver such trash.

><br>Personal Disclaimer: I am a graduate student, I spend 90% of my time reading and proofreading important papers for my like, you know, um, future, so don't count on a lot of proofreading of my fanfics. As a matter of fact a good bet would be at least four spelling errors and an abominable lack of punctuation.

><br>Oh, also, I love feedback, the good, the bad, and the ugly, but mostly the good. :)

><br>During the cab ride home Angel had held Cordelia close, they had not spoken, she had cried against his chest, and he had soothed her as one would a small child. His rage had not abated but his fear for her was beginning to recede. She had come with him willingly, a small part of the battle had been won.

><br>Cordelia's thoughts were racing, and each one was sadder than the last. As she cried against Angel's chest she thought about all the things they had said to each other. Things they couldn't take back, and she cried harder.

><br>Forty minutes later they were in front of Angel's building, silently they both walked into the building and took the elevator down to his apartment. Wesley was there, waiting, and he looked relieved to see the both of them.

><br>Angel Cordelia said, I'm really tired. I know you have a lot of things you want to say to me. There is a lot I need to say to you, but tonight, I think I just need some rest.

><br>Of course Angel replied.

><br>Cordelia walked slowly into her room.

><br>The room had changed since the last time she had been there, just a few hours ago. The bed had some frilly comforter set on it, there were clothes neatly folded on the chair as well as a thick and long terrycloth robe. She sighed and sat on the bed, she wanted to

cry again, at the effort they had put into creating a place for her. She knew she didn't deserve such friends but at the moment all she could be was grateful.

><br>Cordelia curled up under the covers still fully clothed but could not find a comfortable place to be. She fished through her pockets until she found a bottle and took out two of the blue pills that were usually a help in these matters. She swallowed them with no water and laid there staring at the ceiling. Eventually she fell asleep.

><br>Wesley and Angel were in his living room. Wesley began. Greg, what happened to him.

><br>Angel smiled ruefully. Nothing, I threatened but I didn't hurt him. Wesley, she believes this is her fault, he has her brainwashed. How do we convince her... how do we show her?

><br>Wesley was silent for a moment. I don't know Angel, I haven't any idea what she is thinking, I mean, what could she be thinking to allow that, that, monster to do this to her, to go back to him.

><br>She is thinking that she has nowhere to turn, Angel replied. She is right you know, she didn't have anyone to turn to, I took care of that, no wonder she hates me so much, she thinks I turned my back on her... I guess I did. It's funny, I talk about souls to save, and not having the right to make the choice about whose soul I save, but I turned away from her. I left her alone. I never called her when she stopped calling with the visions. I left her to him. I have done terrible things, but those were when the demon had control, this one, this thing, Cordelia, it's not her fault, it's mine.

><br>Wesley was silent. He did not believe it to be Angel's fault but Angel had mastered the art of self flagellation and arguing with him at this point, would be well, pointless, he allowed the vampire to brood while he finished putting away the groceries.

><br>They both sat in silence for awhile neither knowing what to say, both lost in their own world of thought and regret. Wesley considered his portion of the blame in all of this. Angel had been adamant about the doom of her impending marriage, Wesley had not been so verbal. He had kept himself out of it for the most part, but he did nothing when the contact with Cordelia dropped off, well that wasn't true and it was the small thing he did that continued to haunt him now.

><br>Two years ago, after not hearing from Cordelia for six months he had stopped by her house, to ensure that she had not in fact dropped off the face of the earth. She answered the door, she had been on crutches at the time, claimed she had tripped on a pair of impossibly high heels. This had led her to a rant on the evils of Italian shoe design. He had left shortly after that. Had it been happening back then? Had he been too blind or stupid to see it. Should he mention the event to Angel? Wesley went over it again and again in his mind and could not come to an answer.

><br>Angel paced the living room, re-living all the horrible things Cordelia and he had said to one another. He had accused her of being cavalier with Doyle's memory. He had accused her of loving Greg for his money and nothing else. He had told her that she was the same shallow and vapid little girl she had been in high school, and that she had to make a choice between her destiny, her gift, and her boyfriend. She had chosen.

><br>Angel would give anything to go back and change those words, to tell her no matter what she could always come to him. Angel considered all the times he could have picked up the phone and call her, kept the lines of communication open, but he hadn't. He'd been

angry and hurt. She was his one link to the human world, and she had forsaken him, as he had seen it then. He had allowed her to go with a man he could sense was bad, and he had not been there for her when she needed him. His head spun with the mistakes he had made. Eventually Angel eased open her bedroom door and saw her sleeping peacefully, he sat on the stool near her bed and watched her sleep. It helped him to see her, safe now. All the mistakes in the past, they couldn't be fixed, but he would ensure no further slip-ups in the protection of Cordelia in the future. Eventually he dozed off sitting on the stool.

><br>Cordelia awoke in the morning to find him there watching her.

><br>Her first thought was that he had changed his mind, he was going to ask her to leave. She curled up in the corner of the bed, a now all too familiar position for Angel to see. She steeled herself for whatever came next,

><br>Cordelia he said, his voice almost a whisper, he reached out to brush the hair from her face, he needed to see her eyes, to try and get some idea of what she was feeling towards him. He was hurt when she flinched away from his touch. She hated him so much, he thought, she only allowed him to get near her in times of hysteria, but she was afraid of him. He pulled his hand back quickly and stood to leave the room.

><br>You can take a shower, or whatever, there is food and um, clothes, and well, feel better he said. He left, not knowing what to say, how to fix the rift lay between the two of them.

><br>Cordelia knew Angel's coldness towards her was due to his anger. At this point she was just grateful that he hadn't asked her to leave yet. She would make other arrangements soon. In the meantime she fished into her pocket again and poured the contents of her bottle onto the bed. She sorted the pills by color, six yellows, three blues, and only two beige. She examined the bottle, there was still a refill left on the valium, and the doctor had given her one for the Darvoset, if she could get hose filled she would be okay until she could contact Jerry. Jerry always got her whatever she needed. She swallowed one of the Perkaset she had left and made her way to the bathroom. There was no mirror in her room, and none here either.

><br>As bad as she knew she looked she was thankful.

><br>When she came out of the shower, she considered food, but the thought turned her stomach. She poured herself a large dose of brandy into a tumbler and swallowed most of it down in a single gulp.

><br>Angel watched, he wondered if this constant drinking with her was a new thing, or a method she had been using to deal with the pain. He wasn't ready to say anything about it yet.

><br>Cordelia, how are you feeling.

><br>Cordelia avoided looking at him by busying herself rearranging medieval weaponry on the coffee table.

><br>I'm good, she said, I um, have to go out for a few minutes this morning.

><br>What do you need? I'll send Wesley. No, it's really not something Wesley can do for me, it will only take a half hour tops.

><br>Can it wait 'til sundown.

><br>Cordelia mentally went over the inventory in her pocket, um, not really. I have to get a prescription filled. There that was the truth, he couldn't argue with it.

><br>Wesley can do that for you.

><br>Angel I'm okay I can go out alone.

><br>No you cant.

><br>Cordelia sat on the chair and Angel sat on the coffee table in front of her curled up form.

><br>Angel, you can't try and protect me from everything, I can make it to the drug store.

><br>Give me at least a day Cordelia, one day to make sure you're safe before you blast headlong into danger again... please.

><br>Danger?, Angel, I need to go to the pharmacy, hardly a danger. She was panicking now. What if he didn't let her go, she couldn't get through the day without these and her alterations of the prescription would put Wesley in danger, she couldn't allow that.

><br>She twirled a piece of hair thoughtfully, staring down at her knees.

><br>Angel watched her, battling some internal decision he couldn't understand, why was it so important that she go alone? His thoughts on the matter stopped when the sleeve to the robe fell below her elbow, revealing a fresh red burn in her forearm.

><br>He grabbed her arm and turned it upwards to examine it more closely.

><br>What's this he asked.

><br>She startled out of her reverie at the touch of his cool hands. She was startled even further when she realized what he had discovered.

><br>It's a burn Angel, it's nothing.

><br>Angel didn't let go of her wrist. It's new.

><br>No, not really she replied, trying in vain to retrieve her arm or at least turn it so that the ugly red welt was no longer in sight.

><br>This wasn't here yesterday.

><br>Yes, it was.

><br>No it wasn't. when did he do this?

><br>Angel It's no big deal, it was after I got home, before you came back okay, we were fighting, he was trying to explain the kind of pain my leaving caused, this was how he chose to show me, okay?

><br>Oh god, Angel thought, I was outside, I was right outside the door when he did this. I failed again.

><br>He brushed his thumb over similar but more fully healed marks in the same area. Cordelia felt his cool thumb against the heat of the burn, and the heat of her shame. Everything he did made her want to cry.

><br>Oh god Cordelia, he said, his voice breaking with the pain he felt, I am so sorry.

><br>She looked up at him, you didn't do this.

><br>Yes, he said, tears visible in his eyes now, this is my fault, if I hadn't said all of those horrible things to you. If I hadn't forced you to choose. If I hadn't turned my back on you, left you no options, you could have come to me. I was outside your house yesterday, I never left. I was there, I could have stopped this he said, motioning to her arm. I should have stopped all of this. I am sorry Cordelia, so sorry. Please don't keep hating me.

><br>Cordelia was frozen with shock. He thinks I hate him she thought to herself? Angel, I could never hate you. You didn't make me choose, I chose. I made the decision. I turned my back on you, Doyle, the Powers that Be, Angel investigations, everything... and for what? For a husband who can't find the words to tell me how much he loves me? For security, for safety? Yeah once again Cordelia Chase-Brighton makes another stellar decision.

><br>Angel, this, this with Greg, this with us, it is all my fault. I know you are angry at me. You don't know how many times I thought about calling you, asking for help, or just hanging out again, in the office, but I burned that bridge, I couldn't rebuild it. I made my choice. I know you want to protect me, it's your job, and after all you have cornered the market on brooding guilt, but Angel, this isn't your fault, this isn't your doing. What you said to me before the wedding, you were right, I did have a duty, and a goal, and I gave it all up for empty promises.

><br>And what I said to you, everything about not understanding what it's like to be human, to need love, to need companionship, to care about someone. That was cruel, and wrong, and Angel, you are more human than most of the men I have ever known. Please, don't hate me.

><br>He pulled himself together enough to bundle her in his arms, careful not to squeeze too hard. Cordelia I could never hate you, you are my best friend. I don't know what it's like to be human, but you have shown me, I need you here, to keep showing me. Do you forgive me?

><br>Only if you will forgive me.

><br>Let's just forget everything we said before the wedding, emotions were running high, and we both said things we didn't mean.

><br>Cordelia buried her face in his chest, god, I've dreamed you would say that to me one day. He smiled a little, unable to revel in the moment of tenderness, knowing they had a hard road ahead of them before she would really be okay, but for the moment he held her, and thanked whomever it was that looked over them both and let them find their way back to friendship again.

><br>So, she broke away from his comfortable chest, you'll let me go.

><br>No.

><br>Angel.

><br>Cordelia.

><br>Angel I have to do this alone.

><br>Why?

><br>It's, well, I just don't want to feel like I can't make it on my own.

><br>Cordelia, I trust you, it's the rest of the world I don't trust right now. Just wait until sundown, so that I can go with you...please.

><br>She nodded her head in acquiescence. If you promise to just stand outside, and give me a moment or two of handling things on my own. Deal?

><br>Deal.

><br>The rest of the day was spent resting, for both of them.

><br>Angel hadn't truly slept since he had brought Cordelia back, and Cordelia was healing, every movement caused pain at this point, so after changing into some loose fitting clothing she curled up on the couch with one of Angel's ancient texts, the kind she used to think were too dull for words, and read about the various demons that were much simpler to hate.

><br>When Angel awoke he found Cordelia asleep on the sofa, curled up with the book on her lap. He picked up the bottle on the table to put the brandy away, and was surprised to find it empty. Apparently Wesley hadn't had a chance to replace it.

><br>Cordelia awoke, groggy, from the drugs, and the effort each movement took. She picked up her black shoulder bag, the one she guarded with her life these days, and followed Angel to the door.

><br>They walked in silence the few blocks to the pharmacy, she was glad it was still there, not taken over by a large chain. The small pharmacies in this area tended to ask fewer questions. She handed the bottle to the pharmacist, a greasy man in a stained white smock. With only a moments hesitation she handed him the altered scrip. The doctor had ordered ten darviset, with a little creative maneuvering she had changed it to 100. He didn't even question it, simply filled both prescriptions, and took her money. She picked up a cheap table mirror as well. While Cordelia understood the lack of mirrors in the apartment, she needed to check the progress of her healing, and well, the makeup she bought, while cheaper than the stuff she usually used, should provide enough coverage to at least make her presentable.

><br>On the way back she ducked into a liquor store, Angel followed. She smiled at him. I went a little heavy on the brandy, I just wanted to replace it for you. Don't worry he said, I keep it around for just such occasions. It's okay Angel, just wait for me outside, I'll be there in a couple of minutes.

><br>Angel didn't understand her need for privacy but he could only imagine what she had been through, what she was still going through, she needed to regain her trust in herself, and if that meant hanging back at the store, then so be it. Cordelia used her husbands credit card and bought a good bottle of brandy for Angel, she arranged to have a case of vodka delivered in the morning, that would keep her from having to hit him up for anything else. Now if the next part of her plan worked, she would be set.

><br>She walked out of the store with the first real smile Angel had seen on her face. He felt a tightness in his chest. He didn't realize how much he had missed her smile, and how much it was a part of her until he saw it again. He swore to himself that he would endure that she never need go without smiling for so long again.

><br>She took his hand as they walked down the street, her warmth was something else he had forgotten about her. She was walking at a fast pace, and if it weren't for Angel's superior reflexes, she would have hit the ground before he caught her when she passed out.

><br>He carried her back home and for the umpteenth time in just a few short days, he laid an unconscious Cordelia on the bed and took his now familiar position by the stool and waited.

><br>

>Cordelia awoke and stretched lazily, the sharp pain in her right side from the broken rib brought everything back quickly. She sat up, a little confused. Angel was at her side immediately. <br>

>Cordelia, are you okay<br>

>fine, fine, how did...where...um, what happened.<br>

>You collapsed<br>

>oh<br>

>Cordelia, when was the last time you ate, Angel asked<br>

>a crease formed in her forehead as she tried to remember. I had that bagel.<br>

>You took a bite of that bagel. When was the last time you ate before I brought you here.<br>

>She thought about it. Um Greg and I went out to dinner the night I left.<br>

>That was four days ago, you haven't eaten in four days?<br>

>I really haven't been hungry.<br>

>You have to eat something<br>

>Angel, I can't I can't eat anything, I just...<br>

>you just need to start taking care of yourself, or at least letting

me do it for now. I'll get you something.<br>

>She bowed her head, no use arguing she thought, he'll force feed me if he has to, and besides, my plan will only work if he believes I am getting better.<br>

>Angel left the room to get her something to eat.<br>

>Cordelia assumed he would be gone for a while and fished through her bag for the pills she had gotten from the pharmacy earlier. She sorted them out, and took two of the pain killers and a sedative, she was opening the small bottle of vodka she had picked up for herself when he walked in with a cup of yogurt and a spoon.<br>

>Angel opened the door just in time to see her throw a couple of pills to the back of her throat and wash them down with vodka.<br>

>Sadness overwhelmed him. Everytime he thought he had her problems at least in hand, she presented him with a new challenge. He didn't know how to approach this with her. Wesley had sworn that he had replaced the brandy which meant she was going through a bottle a day, and if she was taking pills with it, the mystery wasn't why she collapse, but how she held out as long as she did.<br>

>Cordelia wasn't sure he had seen the pills, she acted as if nothing were out of the ordinary, maybe she was in the clear.<br>

>Angel handed her the yogurt, here, eat this.<br>

>She ate quietly while he watched her, as if he weren't completely convinced that she would eat if he weren't there to ensure it.<br>

>So, vodka huh, he started.<br>

>Yeah, helps to kill the pain.<br>

>I thought that's what the painkillers you just took were for.<br>

>She looked at him, tears welled up in her eyes. Don't take this away from me too.<br>

>Angel didn't know what to do, did she think he had taken Greg away from her, and was he supposed to sit by and watch her drown her body and her brain in chemicals. He was at a loss, but nowhere near ready to give up. <br>

>Too? He asked quietly.<br>

>I didn't mean that Angel, I know you didn't take Greg away from me, that was my choice. And I don't take pills on a regular basis, it's only when the pain gets real bad.<br>

>From the hospital reports the pain's been real bad for awhile. Is that why you didn't want me there, in the pharmacy, because you were getting so many prescriptions filled? <br>

>Angel it's not that, I just wanted some time,<br>

>time for what Cordelia, to feed your habit, you can't go on like this. You are too important, too valuable to be hurting yourself like this. Cordelia, his voice low with pain now, please.<br>

>Cordelia laughed. Valuable, even you don't believe that, Angel at best I am disposable. Look how easily everyone has ever gotten rid of me, Xander, my parents, you, Greg, everyone. Angel I will be okay I just need a little time.<br>

>Time for the...he grabbed the bottle of vodka out of her bag, and found several pill bottles tucked in around it, oh god Cordelia, this has to stop.<br>

>It will Angel, I have a plan.<br>

>He cocked an eyebrow and listened.<br>

>Cordelia took a deep breath, this was it, this was her one chance to change his mind about everything.<br>

>In a couple of days, I want to call Greg<br>

>Angel began to interrupt but Cordelia put up her hand, no just listen to me.<br>

>We'll invite Greg here, and we can talk, there are obviously some promises he has to make, some changes that have to occur, but Angel, remember you told me once that it was not our choice whose souls we save. We can't let him get involved with Wolfram and Hart, and I can't just file for divorce and never see him again. Angel, I love him, and I know that under his anger is the man I fell in love with. Please, help me with this.<br>

>Angel was stunned, his brain was being bombarded with problems to solve, too many at once, and none of them could be fixed with an ax, no that would be too simple. He said nothing for a moment as he allowed himself to absorb all that Cordelia had just told him. He looked at her pleading eyes, about to spill over with tears, the cut on her lip, the bruise on her cheek. His mind flashed back to the bruises on her back and legs, the burn on her arm. This was the man she loved, this was the man she was ready to give another chance. He had no response.<br>

>His brain considered the vodka, the myriad of pills, everything she had been through, the fact that she had still only eaten half the yogurt... it was all too much for him. <br>

>Finish your yogurt Cordelia, we will talk about the rest after that, with that he walked out of her room and paced the floor not sure what to do or where to turn.<br>

>The phone rang<br>

>he ignored it.<br>

>The phone rang again.<br>

>Angel continued to ignore it<br>

>when the phone rang for the 16th time he picked it up, agitated, yeah?<br>

>Angel, this is Greg.<br>

>Angel's jaw stiffened, Cordelia isn't here he said.<br>

>I didn't call to talk to her, Lindsay from Wolfram and Hart asked me to give you a call.<br>

>Angel's head already reeling spun around again as he tried to focus on the new set of circumstances.<br>

>Lindsay knows my number, what does he want.<br>

>Same thing he always wants from what I can gather, you to stay away from them and their clients.<br>

>I thought you were an accountant, now you make personal threat calls for them.<br>

>No, Lindsay has a deal to offer you, it involves, me, you, Cordelia, all of it.<br>

>I don't make deals.<br>

>I think you'll be interested in this deal, it could save you a lot of time and energy.<br>

>Angel knew it was a trap, knew that no promise made by Greg Lindsay or Wolfram and Hart could be trusted but he had to know how they factored in to all of this.<br>

>Angel? Are you still on the line.<br>

>I'm here Greg. They want to meet, at their offices tomorrow.<br>

>No Angel said, we'll meet in my offices, tomorrow at one.<br>

>I don't think...<br>

>I do, if Lindsay and Wolfram and Hart want to talk to me they will be here at One PM, otherwise, I will be perfectly content to continue to put their clients, including you, out of business.<br>

>Angel hung up the phone before Greg could respond, he had some work to do before tomorrow, but first, he needed to make sure Wesley could put Cordelia up at his place while the meeting was going on. After what Cordelia had told him, he was not letting her in the same room with that maggot.<br>



>The end part Two,<br>  
>hey, I love feedback.<br>  
>Part three is in the works and on it's way 66/00  
><br>

End  
file.